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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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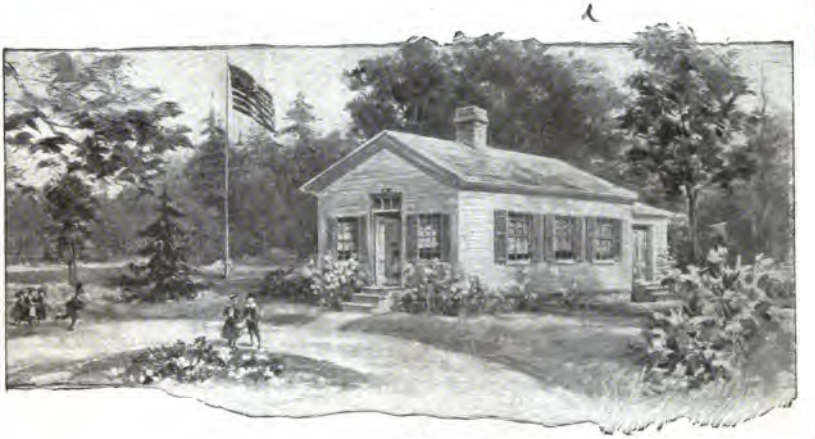
Special Days

Iowa Public Schools

1904



Arbor Day, April 29th

Memorial Day, May 30th

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24th

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

JOHN F. RIGGS

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

B. MURPHY, STATE PRINTER

MANUAL FOR
SPECIAL DAY
EXERCISES
1904

Issued by the Department of Public Instruction for use in the Schools of Iowa for the years 1904 and 1905.

JOHN F. RIGGS
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

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1904.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
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LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

From "Lights to Literature," Book VII.

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A Proclamation

This State is peculiarly interested in the planting and growth of trees, and we must depend upon the energy and enterprise of our people to supply the shade and beauty with which other parts of our country are naturally endowed. We can render no better service to those who come after us than to plant and nurture for their use, trees along our highways and streets, and in our parks, school-yards, and lawns.

Therefore, I, Albert B. Cummins, Governor of the State of Iowa, do hereby set apart Friday, the 29th day of April, 1904, as

Arbor Day

And I earnestly recommend that the people of the State observe the day so that the spirit which leads to its segregation from other days may be made effectual; and I especially ask the schools of the State to devote some part of the day to such exercises as will stimulate a love of nature, and I urge upon both teachers and pupils the appropriateness of planting trees in such places as may be practicable.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Iowa.

Done this 10th day of March, 1904.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

By The Governor.

W. B. MARTIN,
Secretary of State.

TO TEACHERS.

This Manual is placed in your hands in the hope that it will prove helpful to you in preparing suitable special day exercises.

The quantity of material in the following pages is so considerable that it is not thought necessary to issue an elaborate Special Day Manual next year. It is suggested, therefore, that this Manual and the Flag Day Manual furnished you in February, be preserved for use next year.

Your particular attention is called to pages 39–45, the same containing suggestive outlines for practical nature study. These outlines were prepared by Miss Etta M. Bardwell of the Ottumwa High School, who also contributes the following Arbor Day suggestions:

1. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a copy of Farmers' Bulletin No. 134.

2. Write to Department of Agriculture for a copy of Primer of Forestry, by Pinchot of Bureau of Forestry.

3. Obtain a list of Farmers' Bulletins available for free distribution and see that your school is supplied and that extra copies find their way into each home in your district.

4. Add to your school library a copy of Hodge's Nature Study and Life. This will prove invaluable in your studies of Nature.

5. Begin your preparations for Arbor and Bird Day long before the day appointed. Use every means in your power to awaken a genuine and abiding interest in tree and bird life. Divide your school into committees whose work it shall be to find out and report upon any of the following upon Arbor Day:

Kinds of trees in our district?
What kind of trees grow best in wet places and what in dry?
How our trees are protected.
How the woodpeckers take care of the trees.
What has Iowa done for the protection of her birds?
The birds I have seen this year.
The birds that spend the winter with us.
How the oak trees were planted.
The trees on our farm.
How our trees prepared for winter.
Some insects injurious to trees.
Birds feeding their young.
The birds that nested in our trees last year.

AN OFFER TO IOWA SCHOOLS.

The Youth's Companion of Boston, makes the following offer: To the 500 schools in the State of Iowa showing the greatest interest in the setting out of trees, shrubbery and vines, and in other ways improving their grounds during 1904, the Youth's Companion will present a set of six historical pictures, namely: Washington, Lafayette, Signing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Surrender of Burgoyne and the Landing of the Pilgrims.

When the work of setting out trees and shrubbery round your schoolhouse has been completed, the teacher or one of the pupils is asked to write to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction a brief, concise account of the work done, together with any facts of interest concerning the improvements made. These letters should be mailed not later than July 15, 1904. The letters will be carefully examined by a committee appointed by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the 500 schools whose letters indicate the best work will each be sent a set of six historical pictures, and the ten schools doing the best work will be presented with a large American Flag.

PROGRAM FOR ARBOR AND BIRD DAY.

Song..... "An Anthem for Arbor Day"
Recitation..... "What the Trees Teach Us"
Quotations.....Selections from "Uses of the Forest"
Recitation..... "The First Blue Birds"
Reading..... "The Age of Trees"
Special Reports on Trees....By pupils assigned topics for observational study
Song..... "Celebrate the Arbor Day"
Reading..... "Iowa Statutes for Bird Protection"
Quotations.....Selections about Birds
Recitation..... "Talking in Their Sleep"
Reading..... "Bird Day"
Special Reports on Birds.....Observational work of different pupils
Recitation..... "Bright Birds"
Planting of Tree.....
Song..... "The Patriot Planters"
Song..... "America"

NOTE.—The programs submitted are intended to be merely suggestive. The teacher will vary them according to the needs of her locality. Let the central thought in the work be the creation of a real interest in tree and bird life that shall grow as time goes on into a genuine love for all nature. Such an interest is not created, much less maintained, by the committing to memory of appropriate selections *about* things. The careful study of a single tree, of the habits of one of our native birds will do more to stimulate interest than all the books you can furnish the child. Begin with the study of trees and birds long before the day appointed for exercises. Some suggestions on methods of study will be found in the Nature study outlines in this Manual.

A NATURE AFTERNOON.

MISS MAUDE UTECHT, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

In planning a Nature afternoon program for the little ones, one must begin early in order to arouse the interest which will later lead to a most delightful afternoon as the culmination of the work.

Last year at the beginning of the spring term, each child in the room was given some seeds to take home, plant and care for. It was an inspiration to see the interest awakened as the reports on the progress of the little plants were given day by day. Excursions were taken to study birds and the development of plant life.

Shortly before the day set apart for the program, the following invitations were sent to parents and patrons:

BIRDS, BUDS AND BABIES,
AT HOME,
Friday, May 22d, 1:30 P.M.

The invitations were written on paper cut in the shape of leavse. The schoolroom was decorated for the occasion with flowers gathered by the children and drawings of the Nature work in water colors by the little ones. On a long table at one side of the room were placed the plants brought from home by each child, some now in bloom. About the room were cages of song birds. These little birds added their music to that of the children.

In various places around the room were butterflies, cocoons and other animals that the children had observed and brought in for study.

The following program was carried out:

1. Song ..... "Welcome and Greetings"
2. Voluntary stories told by the children of their experiences with birds, buds, cocoons, tadpoles, etc.
3. Imitation of bird calls and notes.
   (This was very interesting as the children were most eager to give what they had heard.)
4. Dramatization ..... "How Robin Got Its Red Breast"
5. Songs with Rhythm ..... "The Happy Birds,"
   "The Sparrow,"
   "The Robin and Pussy Willow,"
   "The Caterpillar."

6. Recitations.
7. Pantomime song..... "There's a Wee Nest"
8. Songs..... ...."The Squirrel Tea"
"How Do Robins Build?"
(Children showing methods of nest building.)
9. Recitations.
10. Song..... ."The Daisy Nurses"
11. Dramatization from "Hiawatha," showing his love for birds.
12. Dramatization with rhythm songs....."Raindrops,"
"Wake Up,"
"In the Spring Time"
13. Song....."Crow Calculations"
14. Closing talk and song.

Songs may be found in "Songs of the Season," Primary Songs, by Jenks and Walker, Gaynor Song Books.

AN ANTHEM FOR ARBOR DAY.

(TUNE—"America.")

Joy for the sturdy trees!
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!
The song-birds o'er them trill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crowd each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant where the children play,
And toilers rest,
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale,
Whether to grow or fail—
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair,
Plant them with earnest care—
No toil is vain.
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face,
Let in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will His blessing send—
And all things on Him depend.
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower
Like ivy to its tower.
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

—Samuel F. Smith in Wisconsin Annual.

HOW ARBOR DAY ENCOURAGES FORESTRY.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, FORESTER, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The direct results of Arbor day are seen in the trees and shrubs which add comfort and beauty to the school grounds and give cheerfulness to the entire surroundings. In themselves these results are sufficient reward for the most painstaking efforts. Yet there are other results.

To my mind, the indirect results of Arbor day are farther reaching and more important than the direct results. By indirect results I mean those arising from the knowledge and love of trees gained by the pupil in the well-directed school where Arbor day is duly celebrated. The proper observance of the day is necessarily associated with instruction about trees and their usefulness to mankind. This instruction is sure to bear fruit in due time. From the children taught to observe and respect trees and forests, will grow men and women who will cordially support and practice conservative methods of forestry.

Indeed, since the inauguration of Arbor day, there has already been a widespread movement in America both toward better knowledge and better practice of forestry. Many universities and agricultural colleges have organized forest classes, and three forest schools have been started. These classes and schools are crowded with students. The enthusiasm of young men for the study of forestry is growing with wonderful rapidity. During the year 1901 there were over 700 applications for position of student assistant in the Bureau of Forestry, nearly all of which are from college and university men. Forestry is taking firm hold upon the young men.

It is also attracting the attention of the owners of forest land who are seeking the highest profits from their investment. They are finding that a sustained moderate yield from a forest tract is better than one rich harvest that leaves both the forest and the land valueless.

The National government and some of the states have taken important steps in forestry in the last few years. New York has forest preserves in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains of over 1,300,000 acres, on which the forest is being protected for future use. Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Michigan are following the example of New York. The National government has forest reserves amounting to over 46,000,000 acres. Almost

every year sees this amount increased. This immense area will ultimately be managed so as to secure the greatest possible sustained yield of timber.

How far the interest and activity in forestry are traceable to Arbor day influence and school instruction cannot be told, but it is sure that they have done much to show the need of better care and use of the forests, and to emphasize the necessity of a system of management by which the forests can be made to yield their best service to man.

February 20, 1902.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I am dead"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade?
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid;
I am all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died
But close I hide,
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown,
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith Thomas.

USES OF THE FOREST.

About sixty per cent of all our railroad ties are made of white oak; nearly twenty per cent are pine. Since every mile of railway needs about twenty-five hundred ties, and there are over two hundred thousand miles of such roads in our country, it takes millions of acres of timber to supply a single set of ties. Such a set has to be replaced about every seven years. Thus it is that the railways rank among the greatest consumers of wood in the country.

Our telegraph and telephone poles are made largely from hemlock and cedar. The price paid for such timber varies from two to ten dollars per pole.

Flour barrels are made largely from elm. Barrels for liquids from a fine grade of white oak; also ash and elm.

Our furniture is made from walnut, ash, oak, maple, and other hard woods.

White oak and hickory are used in the manufacture of wagon and buggy wheels.

Soft woods, as poplar, aspen, spruce, pine and basswood, are used in the manufacture of paper such as is used in newspapers, note books, etc.

Three-fourths of our lumber is made from soft woods, such as white pine, spruce, hemlock and redwood.

The woodwork of machinery is made from hard wood lumber, which constitutes about one-fourth of our lumber output. It comes principally from the wide region east of the Mississippi, between the northern and southern soft wood belts.

The great pineries of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan supply our white pine, the most useful timber in the north temperate zone, because it is in greatest demand for building purposes.

The bark of the hemlock tree is used in the tanning of leather.

Corks are made from the bark of the cork oak, which grows only in Mediterranean countries and Portugal.

As a national industry, forestry stands second only to agriculture in number of .people and amount of capital employed and in value of product.

It has been estimated that we have five hundred million acres of growing forest and that thirty-five cubic feet of wood are produced annually per acre.

WHAT THE TREES TEACH US.

FIRST PUPIL—

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right; in defiance of wrong.

SECOND PUPIL—

I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

THIRD PUPIL—

The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

FOURTH PUPIL—

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

FIFTH PUPIL—

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff,
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough,

SIXTH PUPIL—

The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

SEVENTH PUPIL—

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

EIGHTH PUPIL—

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle with every sad creature that grieves.

NINTH PUPIL—

The Lombardy Poplars point upward, in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

TENTH PUPIL—

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

ELEVENTH PUPIL—

I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By the showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

TWELFTH PUPIL—

The Cherry tree blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

THIRTEENTH PUPIL—

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
This truth I discern: It is inwardly white.

FOURTEENTH PUPIL—

The firm-rooted Cedars like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be bold.

—Helen O. Hoyt, in the Teacher's World.

CELEBRATE THE ARBOR DAY.

(AIR.—Marching Through Georgia.)

Celebrate the Arbor Day
With march, and song and cheer,
For the season comes to us
But once in every year;
Should we not remember it
And make the memory dear—
Memories sweet for this May day?

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Arbor Day is here,
Hurrah! Hurrah! it gladdens every year;
So we plant a young tree on this blithesome Arbor Day,
While we are singing for gladness.

Flowers are blooming all around—
Are blooming on this day,
And the trees with verdure clad,
Welcome the month of May,
Making earth a garden fair
To hail the Arbor Day,
Clothing all Nature with gladness.—Chorus.

—Teacher's Program.

ON GRANDPA'S FARM.

Miss Dolly went a walking
Out in a lovely park,
Beside her ran a striped squirrel,
Above it sang a lark.

She stood knee deep in clover
And watched the light clouds pass,
And no policeman shouted out,
"Hi, there! Keep off the grass!"

She gathered rosy apples,
Beneath the spreading trees,
And no old apple woman said,
"A nickel, if you please."

She plucked the dainty violets
That all around her grew,
And no boy flower peddler cried,
"I'll take ten cents from you!"

How is it she's so favored?
Who knows where lies the charm?
The secret's here, my little dear—
She's out on grandpa's farm.

—Elizabeth Hyatt, in Detroit Free Press.

THE HARD MAPLE.

The maples are a noble family, citizens of many nations, denizens of many climes; always and everywhere clothed with more than queenly grace and beauty. Fifty members maintain the stainless purity of the family name and uphold its pristine glory. Ten of them are our fellow citizens and hold honored places in each one of our great sisterhood of states. Long ago the birds chose the maple as queen of the forest. On its pliant branches they sing their sweetest songs. Amid its silvery leaves they tell the story of their loves and seal their plighted faith. Lady bird makes her secret bower amidst its branches, and the queenly maple draws her green curtains so closely about the nestlings that the sharp-eyed squirrel cannot find them.

The saying of an old English divine "that cleanliness is next to godliness" has passed into a proverb, but the maple is the cleanest tree in the forest. Noxious worms do not infest it, and during the long summer it will but rarely litter the lawn at its feet with leaf or twig. Our cousins across the water talk much of the "heart of oak," but you will find a dozen oaks that are hollow-hearted where you will find one maple that is not sound to the core. And the maple, like every boy that is sound of heart, is clean of life. The compact, oval top of the sugar maple is seldom torn by the storm, or broken by the weight of sleet and snow that so often destroys trees that have horizontal or long, pendulous branches. No scars mar the beauty of its arrowy stem. No decayed spots afford shelter for vermin or homes for the bandits that invade the leafy arbors where the feathered singers meet to hold their jubilees of song. The birds could tell you this, but you would babble to the thieving squirrel, and he, like a robber baron of the Rhine, would issue from his castle—a hole in a hollow tree—to invade their sylvan retreats. So the birds tell their secret only to the whispering leaves, and these in turn only to the close-mouthed fairies.

Rear these leafy temples near your homes and playgrounds, and the agile motions, glittering plumage and melodious songs of birds will charm both eye and ear. Birds love the maple because it is clean, and because its dense foliage lets scarcely a fleck of sunlight shimmer through its fluttering leaves to reveal their secret bowers. You plant a tree for beauty and for shade. No tree of our forests excels the maple in arrowy straightness of stem, symmetry of outline or in delightful coolness of shadow.

—C. A. Hutchins.

THE PATRIOT PLANTERS.

AIR—("Scatter Seeds of Kindness.")

We are levies of the greenwood,
We are knights of summer shade,
And we march with branching banners
To the clash of hoe and spade.
All our fields are sunny spaces,
Where no tillers ever toil;
And we leave their deserts smiling,
With our budding forest spoil.

CHORUS—O happy land that bore us,
O summer days before us,
We are planting bloom and beauty,
For your blessing by and by.

All along the leafy mountains
Hear the ax of Ruin ring!
See the woodland valleys' glory
Fall before the Plunder-king!
But forevermore our country
Shall a green dominion be;
We are counting all her losses,
We will give her tree for tree.

Set the gallant elm and maple,
Set the plumy fir and pine,
Set the weaving border willow,
Set the fruit tree and the vine,
Set the antlered oaks and walnuts,
And the shrubs that vernal blow,
Till the burning wayside barrens
Turn to gardens where they grow.

We are building for the future;
Every loyal youth and lad
Plants his April seed or sapling
For a dwelling green and glad,
Where the song-birds of the morning
Round their cradle-homes will play,
And the rain will store its treasure
For the streams that waste away.

O ye forests, fill the fountains;
O ye rivers, fill the seas;
O ye scions of the nation,
Nurse the scions of the trees;
And our native fields will freshen,
And our waters sweeter pour,
And the fiends of Thirst and Famine
Blight our sacred soil no more.

—Rev. Theron Brown.

From Youth's Companion.

READING—THE STORY OF THE MAPLE.

(For several Second-Grade Pupils.)

"Did you plant trees on Arbor Day when you were a little girl, grandma?" asked Jessie, when she had been telling grandma about the Arbor Day exercises at school.

"No, my dear," grandma replied, "they didn't have Arbor Day when I was a girl; but my little Delia planted a maple tree on the first Arbor Day that was ever celebrated in Nebraska. I have good reason to remember it, for it's been a very useful tree," said grandma.

"It is more than twenty years ago," she went on, "that a day was first set apart for tree-planting." Everyone was pleased with the idea and wanted to plant trees. And how many they did plant! They planted wind-breaks, and street trees, and shade trees in the dooryards.

"Delia was only seven years old, and no one thought she was big enough to plant trees. But she was full of the spirit of the day, and she got an armful of twigs and made farms all over the back yard.

"Your grandpa and the boys were setting trees along the street. I wanted a maple by the back door, but grandpa said it would take too much room; and besides, the ground was so hard there, he said, he thought it would die if he did set it.

"And little Delia spoke out, just in fun, 'Why, I"ll plant you a maple tree, mother!' And she ran into the front yard and dug up a little seedling that had come up under one of the maples there, and then she ran back and planted it by the kitchen door.

"It was just a part of her play. She never dreamed it would grow; but the queer part of it was, it did grow. There came a heavy rain that night, and I suppose that gave it a good start. Anyway, it began to grow, and it's kept on ever since, and we're sitting under it now!" said grandma.

"What?" cried Jessie, jumping up. "This great, lovely tree? Isn't that splendid!"

"Yes," said grandma, "and as I said, it's been very useful. I've done my washing under it in the summertime for ten years. And when your grandpa gets tired of working, he comes and sits here to rest; and he's never once said that he thought it took too much room. Yes, I have your mamma to thank for this tree, my dear."

—Mary Elizabeth Stone, in Youth's Companion.

THE GREEN SCARF OF APRIL.

"We've gone from the threshold of turbulent March,
The green scarf of April is hung on the larch,
And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day,
We hear the warm panting of beautiful May."

—O. W. Holmes.

CLOVERS.

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,

And trim the lawns, and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,

And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake, and wash their hands in dew,

And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry,

And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helena Leeming Jelliffe.

From "Stories of Woods and Fields." Used by permission of Globe School Book Co., and Editors of The Outlook.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same dear faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back; the odor, grace and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death, winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the dead faces;
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

—A. D. T. Whitney.

ARBOR DAY.

(TUNE—"Jingle Bells.")

Now the spring is here, and we love it so,
Gone is winter drear with its hail and snow;
Springtime is the best with its blossoms gay,
Our dear world is brightly drest, for this is Arbor Day.

CHORUS—

Arbor Day! Arbor Day! All around is fair,
Budding trees and blooming flowers, and singing everywhere;
Arbor Day! Arbor Day! All around is fair,
Budding trees and blooming flowers, and singing everywhere.

Birdies wake, and sing early in the morn,
Every living thing gladly hails the dawn;
Skies are bright and blue, grass is green and gay,
All is happy, glad and fair, for this is Arbor Day.

CHORUS—

Lovely flowers of Spring, God has made for you,
First He sent the rain, then the sparkling dew,
Then on Mother Earth, shone the sunshine ray,
And at last we bring them here to gladden Arbor Day.

CHORUS— —Selected.

THE TREE.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

—Jones Very.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

In the heart of a seed, buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.
"Wake," said the sunshine, "and creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard and rose to see
What the wonderful outside world might be. —Anon.

TREE PLANTING ON RURAL SCHOOL-GROUNDS.

W. L. HALL, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT TREE PLANTING, BUREAU OF FORESTRY.

Kind of Trees to Plant.—The first rule to lay down is to plant only the kinds that are known to be hardy. A school-ground plantation is no place for experiment. Naturally the trees will have to endure greater hardships than those of a private plantation; they will be likely to have less cultivation and be subject to more abuse. No matter how strict the rules, the soil about them will be more or less trampled, and twigs will sometimes be broken from their tops. Any tree that cannot endure moderate abuse of this kind should not be given a place on the school ground.

On account of difference in the soil, a tree that thrives in one place in a locality may not thrive in another place. Sandy soils and clay soils are often found near together, and trees that grow thriftily in sandy soil may have a hard struggle to exist when planted in clay. For this reason both the soil and the subsoil of the school-ground should be carefully examined, and a list should be made of trees in the neighborhood that are thriving on soils of the same character, and no other species should be used. Much better success may be expected with a soil and subsoil of a porous character than with one that is tenacious and impenetrable. Yet a careful study will show numerous species adapted to each kind of soil.

Elms, oaks and maples are to be had almost anywhere, and are easily transplanted. They are as beautiful as any trees to be found, and are in every way well adapted for the school ground. They grow on a great variety of soils, and can be easily raised from seed if young trees are not available. Every region will afford other valuable sorts, such as beeches, chestnuts, walnuts, ashes, pines, or spruces. From these and such other desirable kinds as the locality affords the selection should be made.

The school-ground being permanent and need of trees continuous, for the most part long-lived trees should be used. But where the present need of trees is great, there is another side to the question. A short-lived tree grows quickly, coming into early usefulness, and serves its purpose from twenty-five to fifty years. A long-lived tree usually grows more slowly, but

serves its purpose for a century or more. In many cases it is advisable to use the two kinds in such a way that the long-lived trees will become useful about the time the short-lived trees reach maturity. The latter can then be removed, leaving the ground to the long-lived trees. In all cases an ultimate stand of such trees as elms, oaks, walnuts, or chestnuts should be the aim.

It may seem that the number of kinds which can be used for school-ground planting is small, but this is not the case. In almost all sections of the country a long list of species fully adapted to the purpose can be made out. In selecting among these the aim should be to give the plantation as much variety as possible, since among other purposes it is to serve that of instruction.

Obtaining the Trees.—In many places trees can be obtained from the neighboring forests, from the banks of streams, from plantations, or even from open fields. If they have had normal conditions of growth and are taken at the right time, they are almost as valuable for planting as nursery-grown seedlings. Pine, spruce, and cedar are to be collected in unlimited numbers in many forests, and frequently ash, maple, and elm are almost as abundant. They may be gathered either in the fall or spring, but unless they are very carefully heeled in and protected over winter the better time is early spring. In collecting forest seedlings only the small trees that have grown in the light should be taken, as these are more likely to be young and vigorous than those grown in the shade. The collector should never pull the trees from the ground, but should dig them carefully with a spade, preserving as much of the root as possible.

Time and Manner of Planting.—South of the thirty-seventh parallel, fall planting is safe and often advantageous. North of this, spring planting should be the rule, as fall-planted trees can scarcely develop sufficient roots to sustain themselves during the winter. The most successful nurserymen practice early planting for deciduous trees, beginning operations as soon as the ground ceases freezing. Evergreens are not planted until later; some even wait until the young growth is starting. If possible, planting should be done on a cool, cloudy day. Unless the day is very moist, the trees should be carried to the planting site in a barrel half filled with water, or a thin mixture of earth and water, and lifted out only as they are wanted. Even a minute's exposure to dry air will injure the delicate roots—the feeders of the tree.

The roots should be extended in their natural positions and carefully packed in fine loam soil. It is a good practice to work the soil about each root separately and pack it solid with the foot. As the hole is filled, the earth should be compacted above the roots and around the stem, in order to hold the tree firmly in place. The last two inches of soil should be very fine, and should lie perfectly loose. It will serve as a mulch to retain the moisture.

Trees should be planted neither in very wet nor in very dry soil. If the soil is wet, it is better to wait until it is drier. On the other hand, if good cultivation has been maintained the year previous to planting the soil is not likely to be so dry that trees will not start. Besides insuring a supply of moisture, such cultivation puts the ground in good physical condition for planting.

With this treatment watering will scarcely ever be necessary. If it is, the holes may be dug a few days beforehand and filled with water. They should be refilled as the water soaks away until the soil is fully moistened. A thorough irrigation, when that is possible, is still better. As soon as the soil becomes somewhat dry the trees should be planted. While it is a common custom to water at the time of planting, those who do no watering are usually the most successful. Even in the semi-arid regions some successful growers apply no water, but keep up an excellent system of cultivation, thereby retaining the soil moisture.

The spacing of the trees is not so important in school-ground planting as in forest plantations, yet it is worth consideration. The trees should not stand so near together as to produce long, slender poles; on the contrary, short, thick trunks are desirable, to support large tops and withstand heavy winds. From eight to twelve feet apart will be suitable spacing distance. Where large blocks are to be planted the trees may be closer, but it is scarcely ever desirable to plant them closer than six by six feet.

Why Trees Die in Transplanting.—To many persons it is a mystery why trees die after being transplanted. They do not die without cause, however, and when one begins to wither something is wrong. Oftentimes the result is not to be noticed until weeks after the injury; in other cases it is apparent in a few days. After the injury has been done it can be overcome only by the subsequent growth of the tree. All the assistance that can be given is to make the surroundings of the tree favorable for growth. The following are some of the causes of death among transplanted trees:

The loss of the principal part of its root system when the tree is being taken up is a great shock to its vitality, and frequently causes its death. A very large part of the root must be cut off, for usually the space surrounding the tree is filled with fibrous rootlets, myriads of which can scarcely be detected with the naked eye. Almost all of these are lost, as well as many of the larger roots. Mr. D. C. Burson, of Topeka, Kansas, last year dug up and measured as much as he could of the root system of a vigorous Hardy Catalpa seedling that had grown from May till November. This six-months-old seedling showed over 250 feet of root growth. By the methods in common use only a fifth, or perhaps as little as a tenth, of the root is taken up with the tree in transplanting. Such loss throws the root out of balance with the top. If the top is not shortened, or in some way protected, the leaves may evaporate more moisture than the roots can provide, resulting in the death of the tree.

With proper subsequent treatment a tree can endure the loss of many roots, but instead of the needed protection it often gets much unnecessary exposure to sun and dry air. This may be in digging, packing, shipping, unpacking, or any other of the various handlings which it undergoes. Exposure causes the death of more trees in transplanting than any other single cause. This can usually be prevented.

The failure to pack the soil tightly about the roots is a common error in planting. It causes injury in two ways: it leaves the tree unstable, to be rocked to and fro or even blown down by the wind; it also prevents the first growth of rootlets from absorbing food. They cannot absorb unless good, fine soil is firmly packed around them. Clods will not pack snugly. Likewise manure or litter of any kind mixed with the soil may prevent firm packing. Anything that prevents the soil particles from coming into close contact with the roots is sure to be injurious. Another error is in shallow planting. This allows wind and water to lay bare the roots, and in a short time the tree dies. Crowding the roots into too small a hole is a similar difficulty. Such errors are more often due to lack of experience and skill than to haste. The unskillful planter will hardly plant well, however slowly he may go.

Trees are often injured by being planted in wet soil. Whether the excessive moisture is a permanent or a temporary condition is likely to make little difference in the results. If it is permanent the water prevents the air from reaching the roots,

while if it is only temporary the trampling of the soil over them causes it to stick together so that on drying it becomes baked, leaving them impacted in a hard lump of earth which excludes the air. Excessive air currents in the soil are injurious by drying the roots, but a constant permeation of the soil by the air is necessary to supply oxygen. This process is precluded by either the saturation or the baking of the soil. Undrained pockets occur here and there even in well-drained fields, and are always difficult to deal with in tree-growing.

Another cause of death is the drying out of the soil. Summer droughts are not unknown in any part of the country, and are very frequent in parts of the Mississippi valley and on the plains. Occasionally they are so intense and long continued that it is difficult to make recently transplanted trees survive, even when carefully planted and cultivated. In such a time, those which are poorly planted and cultivated are almost sure to die. Frequently, too, weeds and grass grow up in the plantation and draw off the moisture, thereby greatly diminishing the supply for the young trees.

On a school ground there is likelihood of the trees being injured by the trampling of the soil. The pupils will naturally wish to play around them, and unless they are restrained the soil will soon become compacted. It then dries out very quickly, and in time of drought the trees are sure to suffer.

Care of Trees After Planting.—Important as the process of planting is, one can never be certain that a tree planted with the greatest care will live and reach maturity. Much depends upon the after-treatment. In many parts of the country cultivation is absolutely essential, and nearly everywhere a tree will thrive better and grow faster during its early years with cultivation than without it. The purposes of cultivation are mainly to protect young trees from the encroachment of weeds and grass, to keep the soil in good physical condition, and to retain the moisture. Good cultivation is that which serves these purposes without injuring the trees. It does not necessarily include deep tillage. In fact, deep tillage may be positively injurious by breaking off the feeding roots, and is usually not necessary to loosen the soil. Very few soils are too hard for tree roots to penetrate if moisture is plentiful. The best way to retain moisture is by frequently stirring the soil to a depth of two or three inches. The longer cultivation is continued the better will be the effect upon the trees. It should not cease in any

case until they are well established and prepared to thrive without further attention.

Scattering or isolated trees cannot usually be cultivated except by occasionally spading up the earth within a circle of a few feet around them. This is necessary in order to keep the grass and weeds from crowding them and retarding their growth.

The difficulty in tilling a school-ground plantation will come during the vacation period. That is the busy time of the year, when crops must be tilled and harvests reaped. Unless the person in charge is very watchful the plantation is sure to suffer.

Although artificial watering is not recommended, it is necessary to keep the soil of the plantation moderately moist. Sometimes a great deal of moisture can be added by conducting to the plantation the water that drains from adjacent slopes. A small trench made to correspond with the contour lines of a hill or slope will often gather almost all the surface-drainage water. In the Northwest, trees planted as snowbreaks a few rods from the north and west sides of the plantation will cause the drifts of snow to form just outside of the plantation. The trees will thus be saved from breakage, and a helpful supply of moisture will be added at the edge of the plantation.

The responsibility will devolve upon the teacher to inculcate a spirit of respect on the part of the pupils for the plantation. The best way to do this is to make them feel a responsibility for its success. If they feel a personal pride in it, there is little danger of their giving the trees rough usage by bending or breaking them.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 134, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

"There is an Arabian proverb that with the planting of a tree, a blessing comes to him who drops the seed."

APRIL.

When April, one day, was asked whether
She could make reliable weather,
She laughed till she cried,
And said, "Bless you, I've tried,
But the things will get mixed up together."

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—Edgar Fawcett.

"The flowers are Nature's poems,
In blue and red and gold;
With every change from bud to bloom
Sweet fantasies unfold.

The trees are Nature's music—
Her living harps are they,
On which the fingers of the wind
Majestic marches play."

BIRD DAY.

In July, 1896, the United States Department of Agriculture issued a circular suggesting that a "Bird Day", to be devoted to instructing the children in the value of our native birds, and the best means of protecting them, be added to the school calendar.

This circular contains a most valuable letter from J. Sterling Morton, on the establishment of "Bird Day" throughout the country. He says: "The cause of bird protection is one that appeals to the best side of our natures. Let us yield to the appeal. Let us have a Bird Day—a day set apart from all other days in the year to tell the children about the birds. But we must not stop here. We should strive continually to develop and intensify the sentiment of bird protection, not alone for the sake of preserving the birds, but for the development of the finer instincts of the child mind."

Superintendent Babcock of Oil City, Pa., originated "Bird Day," and first celebrated it in his school in 1895.

The discussion of what was at that time a novel idea spread to the West, and in 1896 we find Fort Madison, Iowa, celebrating "Bird Day" in a most enthusiastic manner. Professor Bruner, of Nebraska, urged its recognition by the schools of that state the same year.

Since that time the observance of the day has become quite general throughout our Western states. The movement has the most hearty support of the Audubon societies of the various states, as they realize the need of just such work as is accomplished by "Bird Day" work.

The preservation of the birds is not merely a matter of sentiment, or of education in kindness to all living things. It has a utilitarian side of vast extent. The birds are necessary to us. Only by their means can the insects which injure, and if not checked, destroy vegetation, be kept in bounds.

What is most needed is knowledge of the birds themselves, their modes of life, their curious ways, and their relation to the scheme of things. To know a bird is to love him.

Send your boy to the woods to study the patience, the ingenuity, and the industry of birds. Let him learn to distinguish the song of one kind from that of another. Arouse his curiosity as to their habits and give him that innocent delight that the study of nature is sure to bring into his life. Teach him that it

is cowardly to torture helpless birds. Take away the air-gun and insist that the coming generation shall realize the sin of cruelty to God's helpless ones.

Teach your child to love the fields and the woods, the flowers and the birds and you have added to his capacity for happiness a thousandfold.

IOWA STATUTES FOR PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

Section 2561. No person shall destroy the nests or eggs of, or catch, take, kill, or have in possession or under control for any purpose whatever, except specimens for use of taxidermists, at any time, any whip-poor-will, night hawk, bluebird, finch, thrush, linnet, lark, wren, martin, swallow, bobolink, robin, turtle dove, catbird, sandpiper, snowbird, blackbird, or any other harmless bird, except blue jay and English sparrow; but nothing herein shall be construed to prevent the removal of nests from buildings, and the keeping of songbirds in cages as domestic pets.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be fined not less than $1 nor more than $25 and costs of prosecution, and may be committed to county jail until such fine and costs be paid.

WHY.

Said the boy to the bird,
"Now, do pray stop,
And tell me at once
Why you go with a hop.
Why do you not walk like the goose and the hen,
And not hop on two feet, like a robin and wren?

Said the bird to the boy,
"That is easily told,
In a very few words,
If I may make bold,
And tell you the secret why some birds can walk,
And maybe at some time, how some birds can talk.

Every bird that can wade in the water can walk,
Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk,
Every bird that has claws to catch prey can walk,
One foot at a time, like the hen and the hawk.

But most little birds who can sing a song
Are so small their legs are not very strong,
To wade with, or scratch with, or catch things; that's why
They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-by."

—From New Era First Reader, Eaton & Co., Publishers.

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AMONG THE BIRDS.

THE CHICKADEE.

Do you know the little titmouse
In his brownish-ashen coat,
With a cap so black and jaunty,
And a black patch on his throat?

—Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly.

"The sweetest sound the whole year round—
'Tis the first robin of the spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing."

—Edmund C. Stedman.

"Oh bluebird up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!"

—Susan Hartley Swett.

"And all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song;
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man's ere caught;
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven."

—H. W. Longfellow.

Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,
Hast poured from that syringa thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season ticket.

A season ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,
And who so oft my soul has caught
With morn and evening voluntaries.

—Lowell, Nightingale in The Study.

THE NUTHATCH.

Do you know the pretty nuthatch in his suit of ashen blue,
With his dainty bib of white, and his hose of modest brown?
You may hear him sing, sometimes, though his notes are harsh and few;
But you'll know him when you see him by the black upon his crown.

—Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly.

BIRDS.

RELATION OF BIRDS TO AGRICULTURE.

Until recent years, very little study of birds in their relation to agriculture has been made. Now, however, farming is reduced to a scientific basis, and many principles have to be considered to make it a successful pursuit. It is further admitted by all that insects are destructive to many crops, and that the reduction in their numbers, and holding them in check, must be seriously considered,

Artificial methods of insect destruction are frequently expensive and unsatisfactory. Often they cannot be used at all; and the producer is compelled to stand aside and see the results of his labor vanish before his eyes, with no means of help. There are times, too, during the busy summer's work, when the farmer feels that he cannot stop other work to kill insects. So they are permitted to increase till some valuable crop is destroyed.

Now, the presence of birds is a natural means for keeping in check the harmful ravages of injurious insects. Birds never cease working. They rise early in the morning and retire late in the evening. All day long they pick up insects of all kinds, which they eat themselves or carry to their young.

There are no holidays with birds. Sunday and Monday are alike with them so far as eating is concerned. A farmer, then, may leave his fields one day in seven and know that the insect exterminators are still at work, if he is friendly to useful birds and allows them to live on his farm unmolested. It pays in more ways than one. Birds appreciate human kindness and protection as few other animals do.

Birds are now protected by law in many states. In some localities, however, there is so little thought taken of the law that it is not strictly enforced. It thus happens that thousands of our most beautiful and useful creatures are sacrificed wantonly, or for the table, or for the capricious decoration of women's hats. And yet, in this enlightened time, it does seem that no thoughtful woman ought to consent to wear any part of a bird as an ornament.

During the summer months, the main diet of birds consists of soft-bodied insects, such as grubs and caterpillars. This is especially true of young birds in the nest. Such forms are more easily swallowed and digested than others. Seeds are too hard

for their tender stomachs. Adult birds eat seeds because they are able to digest them. The number of seeds, however, generally falls far short of the number of insects taken. It must not be forgotten, too, that young, growing birds require more food than full-grown ones, so the grain eaten by them after they are able to shift for themselves is fully compensated for by the great number of insects eaten while they are young.

—Shepard's Life on the Farm.

By permission of A. Flannagan Co., Chicago.

BIRD HOMES.

To supply homes, nesting places, and materials for nests is a most fascinating study. Trees may be pruned to make inviting crotches, and a dark tangle of bushes overgrown with vines and sunflowers, dense lilac bushes or a "syringa thicket," will be sure to attract catbirds, brown thrashers and some others. Bird houses furnish homes for wrens, bluebirds, chickadees, tree swallows and purple martins, but here, again, English sparrows are the omnipresent nuisance and must be served frequent notice to quit the premises. The proper size for a bird house is six inches square floor space and eight inches high, and houses of more than one compartment may be made by cutting the boards in multiples of these numbers. Old weathered boards should be used, or, if painted, they should be made the color of an old tree trunk. A single opening near the top should be made, two inches in diameter for most birds; although, for wrens and chickadees, one inch is sufficient and will serve to keep out the English sparrow, and for wrens they should be set in a shady place.

—Hodge in Nature Study and Life.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

—Wordsworth, The Wren's Nest.

The practical value of birds in controlling insect pests should be more generally recognized. It may be an easy matter to exterminate the birds in an orchard or grain field, but it is an extremely difficult one to control the insect pests. It is certain, too, that the value of our native sparrows as weed-destroyers is not appreciated. Weed seeds form an important item of the winter food of these birds, and it is impossible to estimate the immense numbers of noxious weeds which are thus annually destroyed.

If birds are protected and encouraged to nest about the farm and garden, they will do their share in destroying noxious insects and weeds, and a few hours spent in putting up boxes for the bluebirds, martins and wrens, will prove a good investment. Birds are protected by law in many states, but it remains for the farmer to see that the laws are faithfully observed.

—Prof. F. E. Beal, Assistant Ornithologist,
Department of Agriculture.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

Do you know a little bird that in mourning shades is dressed,
Black and white upon his wings, black and white upon his head—
Underneath, a bib of white upon his pretty throat and breast;
While above, upon his nape, gleams a shining bow of red?

—Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly.

BIRDS' MUSIC.

The little leaves upon the trees
Are written o'er with notes and words,
The pretty madrigals and glees
Sung by the merry minstrel birds.

Their teacher is the wind, I know;
For while they're busy at their song,
He turns the music quickly, so
The tune may smoothly move along.

So all through summertime they sing,
And make the woods and meadows sweet,
And teach the brooks, soft murmuring,
Their dainty carols to repeat.

And when, at last, their lessons done,
The winter brings a frosty day,
Their teacher takes them, one by one,
Their music, too, and goes away.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

Probably no bird possesses a higher economic value than the chickadee. All summer he feeds on insects and all winter on the eggs which they lay on the twigs and bark and around the buds of trees. Professor Forbush reports finding 5,500 eggs of plant lice in the crop of a chickadee, this number representing what the bird had gathered for a single breakfast. When heavy snow and, especially, sleet covers the trees, be sure to see that your chickadees are provided with food. A fresh bone with marrow and meat on it, or a piece of suet fastened to the limb of a tree and kept free from ice from time to time, may save dozens of these precious little lives during a winter. Chickadees are also one of our cheeriest and tamest birds and we could not have too many of them about our homes.

—Hodge in Nature Study and Life.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

(To be given by four pupils appropriately dressed to represent the seasons.)

FIRST PUPIL:

Robins in the tree top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing,
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew,
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that May time's
Pleasanter than March?

SECOND PUPIL:

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lillies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Hunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

THIRD PUPIL—

Roger in the corn patch,
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearthside
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

FOURTH PUPIL—

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight,
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleighbells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
(Pussy's got the ball)—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all? —T. B. Aldrich.

THE WAYSIDE INN—AN APPLE TREE.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending—
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his choicest, sweetest fruit,
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose, and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him, and departed. —From the German.

LITTLE BIRD BLUE.

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snowbanks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,
The robins will call and the honey bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow trees over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue.

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring beauties and liverwort grow;
We're sure they will peep when they hear your first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue?

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

YELLOW-BREAST.

From the top of the tree
Sang little yellow-breast,
Which had lost her nest;
"To-whit, to-whit, to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

COW.

"Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a whisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

BOBOLINK.

"Bobolink! bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole the nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

DOG.

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make;
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow."

DOVE.

"Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Let me speak a word or two;
Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow-breast?"

SHEEP.

"Not I," said the sheep; "O no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line;
But the theft was none of mine.
"Baa, Baa!" said the sheep; "O no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

CROW.

"Caw, caw!" cried the crow;
I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

HEN.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
Don't ask me again.
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick!
We each gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
"Cluck, cluck," said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

ALL THE BIRDS.

"Chir-a-whir! chir-a-whir!
We'll make a great stir,
And find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green,
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal,
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name. —Selected.

BIRD HOMES.

The skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak leaves strewed around.

The martins build their nests, of clay,
In rows beneath the eaves;
While silvery lichens, moss and hair,
The chaffinch interweaves.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;
The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest, of grass and mud,
In bush and bank is found;
The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
According to their kind,—
Some very neat and beautiful,
Some easily designed.

—Selected.

"Who does his duty, is a question
Too complex to be solved by me;
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his who plants a tree."

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
  And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
  Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared
  To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
  The first bluebird of spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some;—
And in acrost the orchurd come,
  Soft as an angel's wing,
A breézy, treesy, beesy hum,
  Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
  The sun burst forth in glee,—
And when that bluebird sung, my hart
  Hopped out o' bed with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

From Neighborly Poems. Used by special permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company

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"There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,—
  He trusts in God."

SUGGESTIVE OUTLINE FOR NATURE STUDY.

BY ETTA M. BARDWELL.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF TREES.

Select some tree near the school building for observation. Study the tree as a whole first.

a. Sketch, noting the following points: Angle which branches make with trunk; comparative length of branches on north and south sides; ending of main branches, whether abrupt or breaking up into spray-like twigs; comparative height and width of top.

b. Study preparations made by this particular tree for winter: shedding of leaves, withdrawal of material into stems and roots, protection of buds.

c. Sketch twig of not less than two years' growth, noting the following points: shape of bud, position, leaf scar, scale scar, growth of 1903, of 1902. (Drawing is especially valuable in connection with this work, as it leads to more careful observation. A sketch is one way of answering a question.)

d. Have pupils measure growth of three twigs on north side of tree during 1903; three on south side same year. Compare. How account for difference? Where are greater number of buds to be found, on upper or under side of twig? Why? Effect on remaining buds when some are broken off. Why are shade trees pruned? When a limb has been broken off, how does nature attempt to heal the wound? Examine stubs of broken-off limbs and learn how the healing is accomplished. Would the remains of the limb be distinguishable if the tree were cut open? Split a branched twig an inch in diameter and decide what causes a knot in lumber. Differences in shape of knots.

e. Study longitudinal section of piece of stove-wood and identify hard-wood and sap-wood. Call attention to the so-called "annual rings." Why are they of varying thickness in different years? Why not of uniform thickness on all sides of tree? Examine pine lumber and articles made from pine (connect this with the study of lumber industry in geography work).

f. Bring in twigs of trees and keep in water. Watch unfolding of the buds. What becomes of the winter scales?

TREES IN SPRING.

a. Note trees that flower before the leaves appear. Color of the flowers? What part of the flower of the box-elder forms the seed? Do insects visit flowers of trees?

Which trees "leaf out" first? Which are in full leaf first?

BIRD STUDY.

One object to be attained by this study is the awakening of an interest in bird life which will lead eventually to the better protection of our birds. Discourage all bird or egg collection.

Endeavor to awaken in the children a genuine interest in what the bird is doing. May and June are the nest-building months for most of our birds. If each child could watch the progress of the building of a single nest, his future interest in bird life would be assured. Bring in some last year's nests and study their formation. Of what are they made? How are the outside materials fastened together? How lined? Purpose of the lining? Have children collect materials for the making of nests and let them try fashioning a nest, lining it with the same materials that the bird used. In doing this a close examination of some nests will be necessary. While constructing the nest, direct children's attention to how the bird must carry his materials. Whether he carries more than one straw or stick at a time and the number of times he must journey back and forth to gather the materials. Does he stay in his nest at night? When does he sleep? How long it takes the bird to build the nest. The place he selects for it. How he begins it. Look for some suitable place for nest—fork of tree or low bush. How does bird shape nest? Study nest of goldfinch, robin. Compare nest of Batimore oriole with others, in material used and position on tree. How does the oriole plan to keep eggs from falling out of nest? Where does he get his material? Look for horse hairs—show weaving of hairs in and out. Manner of attachment to limb. How lined?

A CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

BY L. H. BAILEY.

We want every school child in the State to grow a few plants this summer. We want every one of them to learn something of why and how plants grow, and the best and surest way to learn is to grow the plants and to watch them carefully. We want everyone to become interested in everything that lives and grows. It does not matter so very much just what kinds of plants one grows, as it does that he grows something, and grows it the best that he knows how. We want the children to grow these plants for the love of it,—that is, for the fun of it,—and so we propose that they grow flowers; for when one grows pumpkins and potatoes, and such things, he is usually thinking of how much money he is going to make at the end of the season. Yet, we should like some rivalry in the matter in every school and we therefore propose that a kind of a fair be held at the schoolhouse next September, soon after school begins, so that each child may show the flowers which he has grown. What a jolly time that will be!

Now, we must not try to grow too many things or to do too much. Therefore, we propose that you grow sweet peas and China asters. They are both easy to grow, and the seeds are cheap. Each one has many colors, and everybody likes them. Now let us tell you just how we would grow them.

1. *The Place.*—Never put them—or any other flowers—in the middle of the lawn—that is, not out in the center of the yard. They do not look well there, and the grass roots run under them and steal the food and moisture. I am sure that you would not like to see a picture hung up on a fence-post. It has no background, and it looks out of place. The picture does not mean anything when hung in such a spot. In the same way, a flower bed does not mean anything when set out in the center of the lawn. We must have a background for it, if possible,—a wall upon which to hang it. So we will put the flower bed just in front of some bushes or near the back fence, or alongside the smokehouse, or along the walk at the side of the house or in the back yard. The flowers will not only look better in such places, but it will not matter so much if we make a failure of our flower bed; there are always risks to run, for the

old hen may scratch up the seeds, the cow may break into the yard some summer night, or some bug may eat the plants up.

Perhaps some of the children may live so near the schoolhouse that they can grow their plants upon the school-grounds, and so have sweet peas and asters where there are usually docks and smartweeds. Grow them alongside the fence, or against the schoolhouse if there is a place where the eaves will not drip on them.

2. *How to Make the Bed.*—Spade the ground up deep. Take out all the roots of docks and thistles and other weeds. Shake the dirt all out of the sods and throw the grass away. You may need a little manure in the soil, especially if the land is either very hard or very loose and sandy. But the manure must be very fine and well mixed into the soil. It is easy, however, to make sweet pea soil so rich that the plants will run to vine and not bloom well.

Make the bed long and narrow, but not narrower than three feet. If it is narrower than this, the grass roots will be apt to run under it and suck up the moisture. If the bed can be got at on both sides, it may be as wide as five feet.

3. *How to Water the Plants.*—I wonder if you have a watering-pot? If you have, put it where you cannot find it, for we are going to water this garden with a rake! We want you to learn, in this little garden, the first great lesson in farming,—how to save the water in the soil. If you learn that much this summer, you will know more than many old farmers do. You know that the soil is moist in the spring when you plant the seeds. Where does this moisture go to? It dries up,—goes off into the air. If we could cover up the soil with something, we should prevent the moisture from drying up. Let us cover it with a layer of loose, dry earth! We will make this covering by raking the bed every few days,—once every week anyway, and oftener than that if the top of the soil becomes hard and crusty, as it does after a rain. Instead of pouring water on the bed, therefore, we will keep the moisture in the bed.

If, however, the soil becomes so dry in spite of you that the plants do not thrive, then water the bed. Do not sprinkle it, but *water* it. Wet it clear through at evening. Then in the morning, when the surface begins to get dry, begin the raking again to keep the water from getting away. Sprinkling the plants every day or two is one of the surest ways to spoil them.

4. *When and How to Sow.*—The sweet peas should be put in just as soon as the ground can be dug. If sown very early they are likely to bloom better, but they may be gone before the middle of September. The blooming can be much prolonged if the flowers are cut as soon as they begin to fade.

Plant sweet peas deep—two or three or even four inches. When the plants are a few inches high pull out a part of them so that they will not stand nearer than six inches apart. Place chicken wire or brush between the rows for support.

China asters may be sown later than the sweet peas, say a couple of weeks. They should be sown shallow, not more than one-half inch deep.

Do not plant too much. A garden which looks very small when the pussy willows come out and the frogs begin to croak, is pretty big in the hot days of July.

—Teachers' Leaflet No. 4,
College of Agriculture, Cornell University.

[PRIMARY GRADE.]

THE OPENING OF SPRING.

SEEDS AND SEEDLINGS.

a. Have pupils bring in seeds of pea, squash and bean. Soak seeds over night. Call attention of children to amount of water absorbed. Have children remove seed coats and look for young plant inside. Uses of stored-up food mass.

b. Arrange box for small window garden. Consider kind of soil that the little plants growing out of doors need and fill the window box with similar soil. Plant seeds, calling attention to the fact that the little plant grows best in dark—one reason for the earth covering. Study the needs of the little plant. It must have water to drink. It must be kept warm. Put thermometer near box and record temperature. Compare with temperature out of doors. Notice how plant gets out of its seed coat. Which seeds "back" out of the ground? Which bring their stored-up food above ground?

Talk of the ways in which the ground is prepared for the seeds—spading, hoeing, plowing. Show them that the stirring

up of the soil in our window garden is a similar process,—that the little plant must have soil from which to get its food when it has used up its stored material.

Strive to interest each child in getting a little garden started at his home. Encourage children to plant seeds and have them tell of the progress of their plants. Consider with them all necessary conditions for the growth of their gardens—kind of soil, light, heat, water.

Watch development of plants in window garden. Take pupils out of doors to search for the little plants that have used up the food stored in the seed and have sent out little roots to gather food from soil. Let the children dig up the little seedlings of annuals and see how many are getting their own food from the soil. How far does the little plant have to send its roots for food? How far do the big trees send their roots to gather food? Look for roots of trees exposed in cuts and washouts.

MUTUAL RELATIONS OF PLANTS AND INSECTS.

Observations and Collections.—Collect and bring to school some common larval form of insect as those found feeding on nasturtium plants, wistaria, Virginia creeper, hopvine, tomato, cabbage, milkweed, clover, maple, box-elder or walnut. Put insect in box together with some leaves from the plant on which it was feeding. Ask children to watch it and see if they can discover some of the following facts about the caterpillar:

a. Upon what plant it feeds.

b. How it moves its jaws.

c. How it moves its head in eating.

d. What parts of the leaf it eats.

e. How it holds on the leaf. (Call attention to the fine silk thread with which it covers the leaf and in which its feet are entangled. Tell pupils how this tiny thread is made and lead them to think of all the uses it might be to the caterpillar.)

f. How the caterpillar walks. The number of legs, are they all alike? See if you can find out which are used in walking and which serve merely as supports. Why do the walking legs have joints while the others do not?

g. Is the caterpillar the same color as the leaf on which it is feeding? Advantages of this.

After the pupils have had a lesson on the insect, examine other plants and see if they can find other caterpillars. Have them bring in different kinds, always being careful to bring in its food with it. Keep the forms in insect cages for a few days so that the pupils may observe the change to the pupa stage. Stimulate interest by setting them to find out some definite thing in reference to object, as: How the caterpillar gets ready for winter, where he gets the material for his winter home. where he fastens his case. What animals eat caterpillar. How the caterpillar can hide away from the birds. What harm the caterpillars do. Have you seen any plant that the caterpillars have harmed? (Open a pupa case and show the caterpillar in process of development into mature insect.)

Ask pupils to bring in butterfles. Put in glass can for observation. Ask them to find out some of the following:

a. What the butterfly feeds on. (Put some sweetened water in the jar and watch the insect feed.) How does he take his food?

b. Kill an insect in cyanide bottle and with a pin uncoil the probosci and show the children. Does the butterfly eat leaves? Can it walk? How many legs has it? How does it hold its wings when it alights? Can the butterfly see? How many eyes has it? What becomes of the butterfly in winter? Bring out as a summary to the work the main difference between the full-grown butterfly and the immature or baby butterfly which we call a caterpillar, in kind of food, method of taking food, method of locomotion. Encourage the pupils to collect cocoons for late study. Impress upon their minds the fact that the so-called "worms" commonly found feeding on plants are larval forms of butterflies or moths. Do not ask the children to describe any form but rather to answer some definite question regarding habits or adaptations.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

—Ella Higginson.

IN MARCH DAYS.

Two little pussies came out one day,
One saw the other over the way.
"Good morning, sister, how do you do?"
The other answered with just a mew.

One gray pussy in great surprise
Could hardly believe her little eyes.
"I could never stir from the bough;
That young pussy is walking now."

The other pussy went home with a bound;
"Mother Tabby, guess what I've found.
A saucy kitten in a tree,
Wore a brown bonnet, and mocked at me."

—Kate L. Brown, March Plan Book.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Time only enhances the lasting value and demonstrates anew the true significance of these inspiring observances.

Whatever may be the character of its temporary problems, this liberty-loving nation is not and never can be forgetful of the immortal heroes of the Civil War.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the Nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places throughout this broad land purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

Generations come and go and the issues for which they fought and died soon pass into history. But the principles of undertaking, worthily accomplished for an unselfish purpose, abide forever and guide us to a nobler destiny and still greater achievements as a nation.

—President McKinley.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGAM, MAY 30, 1904.

The hope of the nation is the public schools, the emblem of the nation is the flag; let the two be united.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Song.....''The Star Spangled Banner''
Roll Call.....Response with Appropriate Quotations
Song.....''What is our Flag''
Salute to the Flag.
Recitation.....''Song of the Battle Flag''
Song.
Recitation.....''The Old Man and Jim''
Exercise.....''Four Soldier Boys''
Reading.....Extract from ''The Man Without a Country''
Song.....Hymn for the Grand Army of the Republic
Recitation.....''Nearer Unto Thee''
Recitation.....''Betsey's Battle Flag''
Song.
Recitation.....''De Bugle On De Hill''
Talks from Members of Grand Army of the Republic.
Song.....''America''

''Let, then, each public school possess
The flag whose virtues we confess;
To teach our country's hope—the young—
The source from whence our greatness sprung,
And ever keep before their eyes,
A token of the sacrifice
Offered by freemen, true and brave,
Our liberties to gain and save.''

''Columbia, take now thy stand
In every school house in the land;
And to our eager youth unfold
The story of those days of old,
When freemen gathered at the call
To struggle, bleed, in death to fall,
So that the banner of thy choice
Might wave to make the world rejoice.''

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
  With streakings of the morning light.
Then from her mansion in the sun,
  She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
  The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
  And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
  And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free!
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

OUR FLAG.

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry;" and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

—Charles Sumner.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
  And strength in your utmost needs;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
  And a song, a song will meet;
And the smile which is sweet will surely find
  A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
  You will gather in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
  Though the sowing seemed in vain.

FOUR SOLDIER BOYS.

This short exercise may be given by four little boys with soldiers' caps and capes. Each bears a small flag. All march in to drum beats, and stand in line.

FIRST SOLDIER—

An honest soldier I would be
And serve my country, grand and free.
I'll fight for truth, be good and great,
I'll bravely march and fear no fate.

ALL (waving flags)—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the soldier who is true and brave.

SECOND SOLDIER—

A loving soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
Loving God and loving man,
I'll always do the best I can.

ALL—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave.

THIRD SOLDIER—

A soldier brave I'll try to be,
And serve my country glad and free.
In dangers I'll be brave and true;
This for my country I will do.

ALL—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and the soldiers brave!

FOURTH SOLDIER—

The best of soldiers we will be,
And serve our country, grand and free.
Honest, loving, brave and true,
O, much for our country we can do!

ALL (marching out)—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and our soldiers brave.

THE FIRST MEMORIAL DAY PROCLAMATION.

(Extract from the G. A. R. Commander in Chief's Order, May 5, 1868.

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders.

Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds; let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of revered visitors and fond mourners; let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, gather round their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

—John A. Logan.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly
But more than the flag is passing by.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

—H. H. Bennett in Teachers' World.

NEARER UNTO THEE.

The tale is told, and with abated breath,
The shivering stillness of the peace of death
Was broken thus: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Poor Cuba's sighs could not have reached his ear
Had he not ever kept himself so near
The One who loves to set the captive free.
But now he prays: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

His plea prevailed, and the Almighty King
Sent down two other martyred saints to bring
His spirit home, "For well you know," he saith,
"The bitter anguish of his cruel death."

"Stand at Salute, ye angels of the light,
Honor the victim of the Prince of Night,
Move back, ye saints, let this illustrious one,
Whom sin hath slain, come nearer my throne."

"Well done, true man, climb higher, nearer still,
For thou hast taught the world to do my will,
Thy sword in love hath brought the slave-man free,
And earth's down-trodden people nearer me."

—J. Vinson Stephens.

NEAR THE HEAVENLY CAMP-GROUND.

(Recitation for a boy dressed in the costume of an old soldier.)

Fewer the comrades year by year,
Fainter the camp-fire's glow,
Farther away sounds the old war-cry
And the groans of the conquered foe.

Ah! we soldiers are old and weary,
Our ranks are growing thin;
Few from that Grand Old Army are left
To fight in life's battle and din.

The Heavenly camp-ground we are near!
Thousands who fought are there—
I seem to hear their old war songs,
As aloft the standard they bear.

And the soft May breeze is singing, sighing,
Through God's green tents today;
Waving, bowing, swaying, bending,
O'er graves of the Blue and the Gray.

Foes we were in years long past,
Now friends in Union true;
And the tie that binds our loyal love
Is the red, the white, the blue.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG.

"A beautiful picture is a silent teacher."

The flag prominently situated in the schoolroom has its silent influences, and should have a place in every day's program.

A silent salute, as an act of reverence, is impressive. It is as follows:

At a signal, as the flag is lifted, the right hand is raised, palm downward, to a horizontal position against the forehead, and held there until the flag is dipped and returned to a vertical position.

Then, at a second signal, the hand is dropped to the side and the pupil is seated.

The silent salute may be adopted for a daily exercise, and the "pledge salute" for special occasions:

I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; "One Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

HYMN FOR THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

No more fighting today from the old camp ground,
Summons hath sounded clear;
For weary one, a blessed home,
And friends beyond so dear.
Refrain.

Many are the hearts left in waiting today,
Waiting for the strife to cease,
Many are the hearts grieving, though their night
Hath brought a dawn of peace.
Tenting for aye, tenting for aye, tenting on the old camp ground.

Worn and feeble with fray from the old camp ground,
Duty is done below;
For soldier brave, the arms laid down,
And joy that victors know.
Refrain.

Lonely tenting we wait on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of comrades safe from foemen fell—
They call us from on high.
Refrain.

—(Copyrighted 1899. Minnie F. Brown). Air: "Tenting Tonight."

MEMORIAL DAY.

Blossoms and buds of blossoms to be,
Wreathed boughs of the laurel tree,
Spires of green and discs of red,—
Floral argosies zephyr tossed,
Wrecked on the graves our flag has cost,
Stranded above our immortal dead.

Ah, but the garlands our hands have made,
Bud and blossom shall wither and fade.
What have they left for the life blood shed?
Marble will crumble and iron will rust,
Granite is only a firmer dust;
Little at most do we honor our dead.

Fathers and mothers of sons in the grave,
Brothers and sons of the battle-slain brave,
Knowing what price it will cost in pain,
Still to the boy with his drum at the knee,
Teach the brave lesson of how to be free,
Counting for freedom all loss greater gain.

Golden-mouthed orators bravely and well,
Vie with all graces of speech to tell
Fitly the tale till their battle-wrought deeds,
Tongued and enlanguaged with flame and roar,
Speak and we see in our dead once more
Men of the elder heroic breeds.
Poets divinely inspired arise
Chanting their praise to the wondering skies,
Singing their glory from girdle to pole;
Pean, or ode, or epic or song,
Passion-full, sorrowful, jubilant, strong,
Died for their country—life's still unmatched role.

Madison, Wis. —S. S. Rockwood.

FIDELE.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

"Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.

"Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan —Wm. Shakespeare.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

This nation has a banner; the symbol of liberty. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, the trodden down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

How glorious has been its history? How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there a banner that carried such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service.

—Adapted from address of Henry Ward Beecher.

GENERAL WARREN TO HIS TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look beyond you—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

—John Pierpont.

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan like de noise ob de marchin' ob de boys,
  An' I'low doan s'pose I evah will;
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
  Er de sound ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit 'minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
  En ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Somepin' whispahed in my ear 'bout my little volunteer,
  An' said he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 'membah now de day jes' how he marched away,
  Wid de bright sun er climbin' up de sky,
Marched out en down de street to de drum's wild beat,
  Den dey fotched him home to die.
Oh, de sad and moanful way, po' ole missus kneeled ter pray,
  When Gabe said: "Hit's gittin mighty still."
But I rise en jine de boys when I hear de cannon's noise,
  Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'pears es if I seen de ole plantation green,
  En sometimes I sho'ly think I hear
De regiment pars by, en 'low I hear de cry
  En de moan ob my little volunteer.
En I see de moanful way po' ole missus kneel to pray,
  En sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de tread ob feet to de drum's wild beat
  En de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Dar's a spot mighty dear to dis ole darky here,
  Whar de sunlight is peepin' froo de palms,
Wid his hands 'pon his breast, dar my soldier's gone to rest,
  Jes' peacefully er sleepin' in de calms.
En de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
  No mo' kaint disturb 'im now until
De Lord gibs command, den I know he'll rise en stand
  At de sound ob de bugle on de hill.

—From Ben King's Verse.

QUOTATIONS.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

Our country's welfare is our first concern, and who promotes that best, best proves his duty.—Havard.

'Tis homefelt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
  This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.—Campbell.

This Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg.

ADDRESS TO THE ROUGH RIDERS.

Now here's a thing I want to warn you against: Don't get gay and pose as heroes. Don't go back and lie on your laurels; they'll wither. The world will be kind to you for about ten days, and then it will say, "He's spoiled by the fame of the regiment in Cuba." Don't think you have got to have the best of everything, and don't consider yourselves as martyrs in the past tense. A martyr came to see me today. He hadn't had any milk for a whole day. I said to him: "Oh, you poor thing!" and he went away. I hope he felt better. What I want of all of you is to get right out and fight your battles in the world as bravely as you fought the nation's battles in Cuba.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE.

Its LONESOME—sorto' lonesome,—its a *Sund'y-day* to me,
It 'pears-like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry Soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They say, though, Decoration Days is ginerly observed
'Most *ev'rywhares*—espeshally by soldier-boys that's served—
But me and Mother's never went—we seldom git away,—
In pint, o' fact, we're *allus* home on *Decoration Day*.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in colum's grand,
A-follerin' the old war-tunes theyr playin' on the band—
And citizuns all jinin' in—and little childern, too—
All marchin', under shelter of the old Red White and Blue.—

With roses! roses! roses!—everybody in the town!—
And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down!—
Oh! don't THE BOYS know it, from theyr camp across the hill?—
Don't they see theyr com'ards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jist to say
They know that every day on earth's theyr Decoration Day?

We've tried that—me and Mother,—whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchud—in his uniform, and hands acrost his brest,
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-rippin' in the breeze
Above his grave—and over that,—*the robin in the trees!*

And yit it's lonesome—lonesome! It's a Sund'y-day, to me,
It 'pears-like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On every Soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

BY THE GRAVES OF HEROES.

An hour, a flower, a memory, perchance a tear or two,
These give me from our life to them: Nation, what gave they you?

What of the silent partings, too solemn and sad for tears?
What of the homesick sighing which only the night-wind hears?

What of the waking picket, guarding the nation's sleep?
What of the cold and the hunger? What of the thirst and heat?

What of the midnight marching, where weary, footsore, drenched,
The pallid weeping morning shows the enemy entrenched?

What of the shriek of the battle? What of the after-hours?
Oh men! in the name of God, can ye heal such wounds with flowers?

Look to your lilies, Columbia! stainless they should be as snow,
To rest on hearts burned white in battle's furnace glow;

And your roses, red as the blood that flowed on fields of death,
Their fragrance full sweet to stifle the smell of battle's breath!

Alas! if our flowers were all that we laid on each nameless grave—
Alas! for us and for them and the sacrifice they gave.

But over those lowly hillocks, as over the hills of God,
A glory breaks from the flower-cups withering on the sod.

For they are the pledge of the promise—"What you gave to us we will keep:"
The oath of the Nation's waking sons to her sons who are asleep.

—Frances Denoyer Ten Eyck.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

RED.

Red is the color of sunset clouds,
That presage a pleasant day.
It gladdens the heart of the sailor bold,
And speeds him upon his way.
And red are the stripes of our dear old flag,
As it floats o'er our heads today.

WHITE.

White is the color of lilies fair,
And white is the glistening snow,
And white is the emblem of peace and love,
As it dwells with us here below.
And white are the stripes of our dear old flag,
We love it right well I know.

BLUE.

Blue are the violets, gentle and meek,
Blue is the color for which we seek,
We join it with red and white so true,
And then we can give you the Red, White and Blue—
A symbol of all that is noblest and true.

—Kate B. Ellis in Teachers' World.

FROM "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

If you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant to His own home in heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And "for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother."

—Edward Everett Hale.

OUR HEROES OF TODAY.

(A sailor and a soldier; dress the latter as a Rough Rider.)

Sailor—

"Fling abroad the starry banner"
To the pure, fresh, northern blast,
Sanctified by the present glory,
And the memory of the past."

Rough Rider—

"Beat our drums beneath its waving,
Blow our bugles loud and clear,
And the brave, inspiring music
Let mankind's enslavers hear."

(A curtain at the rear parts, revealing Columbia extending her hand to Cuba, a dark-eyed child, dressed in appropriate costume, kneeling at her feet, Sailor and Rough Rider step to left and right so the group will be in the center.)

BETSEY'S BATTLE FLAG.

From dusk till dawn, the livelong night
She kept the tallow candles bright;
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red;
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven stair
Hung Betsey's Battle Flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray,
The Continentals filed away.
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats.
They bore the marks of want and cold
And some were lame and some were old;
And some with wounds untended bled;
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsey's Battle Flag.

When fell the battles leaden rain
The soldier hushed his moans of pain,
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging columns reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,—
The snowy stripes and scarlet bars
Of Betsey's Battle Flag.

The simple stone of Betsey Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss;
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds;
A nation follows where it leads;
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsey's Battle Flag. —Minna Irving.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

—Collins.

"Whether on the tented field
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

THE DRUMMER BOY.

On the battle field of Merengo, when Napoleon was making a desperate struggle for the final position, we have a beautiful little tale told of his drummer boy.

The Austrians had taken the offensive and had shut up Massena in Genoa, and it was almost by stealth that Napoleon had gathered up another army. This army was being completely routed when Napoleon ordered the Drummer Boy to beat the signal for retreat. The boy answered, "I know not the retreat signal, but I'll beat the forward signal," and by that signal the soldiers took courage and Merengo was won.

JOSEPHINE ROGERS.

"Escape at once," the captain cried,
"To yonder hills, away.
The firing line is not the place
For any girl to stay."

"I cannot go just now," she said,
"My bread is not quite done."
"But life, brave maid, is more than loaves,
List to the guns, bégone."

"My father and my brothers, sir,
Have gone to face the foe,
I could not go along with them,
But I can bake this dough."

Perhaps those heroes will return,
Before the night half dead,
Then they shall learn their sister stayed
At home to bake their bread.

The rebels with their deadly aim
Riddled the lowly cot,
But in the midst of shot and shell
She kept her oven hot.

And in the dismal shades of death,
A fearless constant watch
Upon the loaves 'till they were done,
Then baked another batch.

The hungry to the cabin crept,
Fell fainting at her feet,
Where with an angel-face she smiled,
And gave them bread to eat.

And as they ate those sacred loaves,
Each felt that he was fed
In that low cot by God's High Priest
With sacramental bread. —Rev. J. V. Stephens

THE BATTLE FLAG.

Battered and torn with a hundred shots,
The flag came home.
Brilliant and spotless it went to the fray,
Borne at the front of the ranks that day
When, proud and eager, they marched away;
Some rest in their graves in alien plots—
But the flag came home!

Bear it aloft for the world to see,
The honored flag.
It is dearer today than when, fair and new,
It waved in the sun—red, white and blue;
It is riddled with bullets through and through,
But, oh it was in at the victory,
Though a tattered rag.

Place it away where its fellows stand,
'Neath lofty dome.
It has served its mission and won its fame,
And helped to honor unity's name,
And with cheers and music and glad acclaim
The people hailed it on every hand,
When the flag came home. —Lilian Grey.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I will mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead. —Walt Whitman.

"THE OLD MAN AND JIM."

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him.
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, for three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f."

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see!
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While he was drillin', a watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f."

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all used to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him.
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At h'd like to go back in the cavalry—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at h'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt h'd raised,
And followed him over to Camp Ben Wade
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade—

Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their canons there,
And *tuk* 'em and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f."

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him, with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red, White and Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

MEMORIAL DAY.

For the Dead, a Tribute.
For the Living, a Memory.
For Posterity, an Emblem of Loyalty to the Flag of their Country.
—Inscription on Soldiers' Monument, Pittsfield, Mass.

SONG OF THE BATTLE FLAG.

"Star-spangled battle flag, tattered and torn,
With standard all shattered, and blood-stained and worn
Say, where wert thou born, and where hast thou been,
Since waking to life midst the children of men?"

"I was born where the temple of Liberty stands,
I awoke at the touch of sweet woman's soft hands,
Whose husbands and lovers brave bore me afar,
To share in the strife and the tumult of war."

"Star-spangled battle flag what hast thou seen?"
"The cannon's red glare and the bayonet's sheen,
The close bristling columns, like thunderbolts, go
Through the smoke of the fight and the ranks of the foe."

"Star-spangled battle flag, what heardst thou there?"
"The wounded man's sigh and the dying man's prayer
For the wife and sweet little one's far away,
When he marched 'neath my folds to engage in the fray."

"Star-spangled battle flag, how cam'st thou here?"
"Spread for a pall o'er a dead soldier's bier,
Who, with feet to the foeman and face to the sky,
Died, as he struggled to raise men on high."

"Star-spangled battle flag, where wouldst thou dwell?"
"In the land of the free, for I love it full well,
And my last silken remnants in triumph shall wave
O'er a nation of freemen, or over their grave."

Bright star-spangled battle flag, long may you wave
O'er our nation of freemen, sweet home of the brave.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

(AIR—America.)

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

WHAT IS OUR FLAG?

(TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne.")

The flag that speaks of Bunker Hill,
Of minute men and gun,
Of Saratoga and Yorktown,—
Fierce Battles fought and won.

CHORUS:

That flag we'll raise upon our school,
With stars now forty-four;
Triumphant Red, and White, and Blue,
The flag our fathers bore.

The flag that waved o'er Gettysburg
On those eventful days;
The flag our boys in blue upheld
'Mid battle's storm always.

CHO.—That flag we'll raise, etc.

The flag that Lincoln freed from stain,
By setting bondmen free,—
The flag that can forgive a wrong,—
Rebellion though it be.

CHO.—That flag we'll raise, etc.

The flag that drew rebellious men
Into the Union fold,—
The flag that is respected now
In states both new and old.

CHO.—That flag we'll raise, etc.

The flag that now waves o'er our homes,
Protecting weak and strong,—
The flag that vindicates the right,
And punishes the wrong,—

CHO.—That flag we'll raise, etc.

—Supt. Wm. Connell, Fall River, Mass.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

These verses were written in memory of General Philip Kearny, killed at Chantilly September 1, 1862, after he had ridden out in advance of his men to reconnoiter.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

THANKSGIVING.

Dear Lord, on this Thy day of days
Forgive me, if to Thee
In place of songs replete with praise,
This prayer alone my heart essays,
"Work Thou Thy will in me."

I cannot thank Thee for the pain
With which I wait to hear
Familiar footsteps, or again
Listen for songs whose blithe refrain
Made glad our hearts last year.

I cannot praise. Beneath Thy cross
I bow, and silently,
With eyes washed clear of much of dross,
I strive to see above my loss,
The joy of those with Thee.

—Jeanie Rogers Sherman.

THANKSGIVING, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Song.....''Scatter Seeds of Kindness'
Responsive Reading.
Song.....''Bringing in the Sheaves''
Reading.....Proclamation by the President
Exercise.....''Early Thanksgiving Days''
Recitations.....(1) How Thanksgiving Day Came About
(2) "The Dressed Turkey"
Exercise.....''A Patriotic Thanksgiving''
Song.....''Fill the Baskets''
Recitation.....''A Rock in the Wilderness''
Essay.....''The First Thanksgiving Day''
A Thanksgiving Dialogue.
Recitation.....Recessional
Song.....''America''

RESPONSIVE READING.

TEACHER.—''What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?''—Psalms XVI:12.

PUPILS.—''Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.''—Psalms L:14.

TEACHER.—''O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever.''

PUPILS.—''Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.''

TEACHER.—''And gathered them out of the lands from the East, and from the West, from the North and from the South.''

PUPILS.—''They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.''

TEACHER.—''Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them.''

PUPILS.—''Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.''

TEACHER.—''And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.''

PUPILS.—''O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!''

TEACHER.—''For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.''—Psalms CVII:1-10.

PUPILS.—''Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.''—Psalms CVII:15.

TEACHER.—''O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people.''—Psalms CV:1.

PUPILS.—''O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him all ye people.''

TEACHER.—''For His merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth forever: Praise ye the Lord.''—Psalms CXVII.

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS.

(For six Pupils.)

I. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

II. The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

III. There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

IV. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633 when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.

V. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.

VI. The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
  That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
  Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
  That Thou dids't plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew
  A vineyard to the planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
  They sowed in tears, in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
  We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
  In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
  While here their name and race shall last.

—Flint.

A PATRIOTIC THANKSGIVING EXERCISE.

This exercise may be given by six pupils; two dressed as Indians, two as Negroes, and two as Puritans. The Indians may dress in brown blankets trimmed with bands of yellow, a gay-colored fringe around the bottom, leggins, beaded moccasins. Their head-dress may be a band of red card board, on the inside of which are sewn long, stiff feathers. Bits of gold, silver, and tin may adorn the front of their blankets. Their faces may be painted in streaks of brown and red. (Water colors are harmless.) Bow and arrows should be hung over the back of each, and each may carry a tomahawk.

The two Pilgrims may be dressed in long cloaks or capes and broad-rimmed hats, and may carry guns over their shoulders.

The two Negroes should color their faces with burnt cork, wear checked trousers and gay neckties, Each has a flag.

The six march in to the roll of a drum.

FIRST INDIAN.

I think of the days when with swift-footed step
Through the wilderness wild I bounded;
I think of the chiefs, our Indian dance,
As our songs through the forests resounded.

I have stood in many a bloody war,
With warriors dying about me;
Strong I've stood by the burning stake,
Whence the bravest would never flee.

In fighting, in hunting, in fishing—all,
I have joyed in the face of danger;
But ah! we were driven and crushed and killed
By the white and merciless stranger.

SECOND INDIAN.

I will go to my tent and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black and sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows
And reveal to the God of the Tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not of hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

—Selected.

FIRST PURITAN.

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

—Upham.

SECOND PURITAN.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrammeled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise:
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

—Pabodie.

FIRST NEGRO.

Guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians *may*, as freemen *can!*
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

—Whittier.

SECOND NEGRO.

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South,"
Ye shall not hear the truth the less;
No seal is on the Yankee's press!
From our Green Mountains to the sea,
One voice should thunder, *We are free?*

—Whittier.

ALL REPEAT.

By our altars, pure and free,
By our law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past dead memory,
By our Washington;
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tide of country strong,
We will still be one.

"Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?"
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Even to maintain as now,
"Union, liberty."

—Selected.

"America" should then be sung as it is sung at Hampton Institute, Virginia.

WHITES, NEGROES, AND INDIANS SING,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

INDIANS.

Land where my fathers died,

PURITANS.

Land of the pilgrim's pride,

NEGROES.

From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

INDIANS ALONE SING THE SECOND STANZA.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

NEGROES SING THE THIRD STANZA.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

WHOLE SCHOOL ALL JOIN IN SINGING LAST STANZA.

(School rises.)

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

—Ella Marie Powers.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea monster!

From "King Lear"—Shakespeare.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.

—Hartley Coleridge.

LITTLE BROWN ACORN.

"Little Brown Acorn swung on a tree,
Whilst the leaves turned yellow and red.
'Many a day have I been here' said he,
'And so, as I'm tired as tired can be,
I think I will go to bed."

"Little Brown Acorn let go his hold
Of the mother-oak, old and grim,
Then down the mossy bank he rolled,
And though the earth was wet and cold,
It mattered not to him."

"Little Brown Acorn hid under a gray
Mossed rock on the side of the hill.
I never had heard that he'd gone away
So should you look there this very day,
I'm sure you would find him still."

"Little Brown Acorn under the snow.
When the winter days are come,
While the winds blow high and winds blow low,
While the mornings dawn and the sunsets go,
Stays in his chosen home."

"Little Brown Acorn naught will befall
Till the stormy months are o'er;
But when in the oaks the robins shall call,
He will lift up his head so green and so tall,
Little brown acorn no more."

FILL THE BASKETS.

(TUNE—"Whosoever Will.")

With a share of goodies all the baskets fill;
To the poorer people carry them we will;
Thus with loving kindness, we the murmurs still,
Make a glad Thanksgiving Day.

CHORUS—

Fill the baskets up, fill the baskets up!
Bid the hungry, hungry people freely sup;
Give to them a swallow of your brimming cup,
Make a glad Thanksgiving Day.

Like a ray of sunshine, to the dwellings rude
Come, the laden hampers packed with savory food.
Will you not be causes of the gratitude?
Make a glad Thanksgiving Day.

—Lettie Sterling.

HOW THANSGIVING DAY CAME ABOUT.

We learn it all in history—you didn't think I knew?
Why, don't you suppose I study my lessons? 'Course I do.
The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.
Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
Or, p'rhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
But if the Pilgrim mothers were busy making pie,
I s'pose they couldn't bother, and so that was the way
It happened that the Fathers made our Thanksgiving Day.

THE DRESSED TURKEY.

One of the parish sent one morn,
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor:
"Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come, take my chair, and for me ask,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it, and then came in
With pleasant smile and look;

And to his young *pro tem* he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy; "your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
Many thanks to him, and for yourself
Here is half a dollar!"

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And, to the gobbler holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

A THANKSGIVING DIALOGUE.

(A ragged little boy, a street waif, enters stage and recites as indicated. He should be a fair reciter, able to be heard by all.)

BOY.

They call this Thanksgiving,
A day to be glad;
But how can I keep it,
A poor, hungry lad?

I sleep in a cellar,
I live on the street;
How can I be thankful,
I've nothing to eat?

(He sits down on a box as if on the street, when along comes a little girl dressed for the street and carrying a package.)

FIRST GIRL.

A happy Thanksgiving
To you, little man.
Each one should be thankful
The best that he can.

BOY.

You're kind, little lady,
But tell me, I pray,
Why I should be thankful
On this happy day?

FIRST GIRL.

I'm going to visit
A blind little friend;
Suppose this poor blind boy
Your eyes you would lend.

He can't see his parents,
The beautiful light;
He sits sad and lonely
In one starless night.

BOY.

Pass on, little stranger,
I can't spare my eyes;
I've one gift of value
Which I ought to prize.

(She passes on.)

SECOND GIRL.

(Enters stage, dressed for calling.)

Good morning! glad morning!
Why are you so sad?
Today is Thanksgiving,
When all should be glad.

BOY.

I've only one blessing
Which I've learned to prize;
Although I am wretched
I'm glad for my eyes.

SECOND GIRL.

I'm going to visit
A lame little boy;
He can't walk a step,
Yet his heart's full of joy.
He once sold the papers,
The best on the street;
Until the cars caught him
And crushed both his feet.
He lives in Black alley;
His parents are dead;
A cripple, he's thankful;
But you hang your head.

BOY.

I, too, am the quickest
On foot the boys say;
For seeing and walking,
I'm thankful today.

(Second girl passes out.)

THIRD GIRL.

(Enters stage and carries a basket and bundle.)

My poor little stranger,
Why are you so sad?
Today is Thanksgiving,
When all should be glad.

BOY.

I'm thankful this morning,
For eyes and for feet
No more, for I suffer
For something to eat.
I'm poverty's orphan,
You're wealth's child, I know-
Pray what do you carry,
And where may you go?

THIRD GIRL.

I have here a dinner,
Some books and a toy
For poor Billy Mason,
A deaf and dumb boy.
He wants to hear music,
And talk like the boys;
He lives in lone silence
So few are his joys.

(Third girl passes on.)

BOY.

(Rising and speaking in earnest manner.)

My eyes are my diamonds,
My feet are true friends,
My ears bring me music,
My speech comfort lends.

Though hungry and ragged
On this happy day,
I'll brace up, and hustle,
The will makes the way.

That boy should be thankful,
Though poor, and distressed,
Who has all the powers
With which I am blessed.

I'll earn what is needful,
No longer repine;
Though poor yet I'm favored,
With powers divine.

I know if I labor
And live the right way,
I'll always be thankful
On this happy day—

(He retires.)

A ROCK IN THE WILDERNESS.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.

Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given,
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,—
A beacon-light hung in the mansions above.

In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer,
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill;
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

—Anonymous

A THANKSGIVING WOOING.

The frost was on the cottage pane,
The skies were gray and chill;
But with a trembling hand she smoothed
Her kerchief's dainty frill.
For then she saw the youthful squire
Dismounting in the snow,
In velvet coat and buckled shoes,
Thanksgiving long ago.

While with her wrinkled sire he talked
Of weather and of wheat,
His ear was ever strained to catch
The music of her feet.
Her dimpled arms were deep in flour,
Her rounded cheek a-glow;—
Her father slept; he stole a kiss,
Thanksgiving long ago.

His stately mother and her guests
Were waiting at the Hall
Before the feast in silver served;
But he forgot them all,
And at the farmer's humble board,
With curly head bent low,
He called a courtly blessing down,
Thanksgiving long ago.

Clear rose the moon above the woods
And twilight veiled the farm;
But still he lingered at the gate,
The bridle on his arm.
"Oh, bake and brew for me alone,
Be mine for weal or woe;—
I love you dear," he softly said,
Thanksgiving long ago.

In yonder carven frame she stands,
In pearls and blue brocade;
And still tradition fondly keeps
The pumpkin pies she made,
And tells again the story sweet,
When granaries overflow,—
Of how the squire a-wooing went,
Thanksgiving long ago.

—Minna Irving.

HIS THANKSGIVING DREAM.

Three plates full of turkey with cranberry sauce,
And four or five vegetables, too,
And candy and raisins and ice cream and pie—
Poor Tommy! How little he knew
What a quarrel they'd have in his little insides
In the course of that Thanksgiving night!
The people he dreamed of were all so mixed up,
He couldn't get one of them right.
Miss Muffet was sitting on something quite high,
It wasn't a tuffet at all;
It looked very much as if—yes, it must be!
It *was* Humpty Dumpty's red wall!
And Humpty see-sawed with Miss Margery Daw—
He tumbled, and came down too soon;
And Little Red Riding Hood, dear little girl,
Ran away with the Man in the Moon.
King Cole, he was busily shaving the pig;
The barber was singing "Ding Dong!"
The maid wasn't hanging out clothes as she should,
She was singing the sixpence song.
Jack Horner was asking the little black sheep
To give him a bag full of wool;
And "Diller a Dollar," that ten o'clock scholar,
For once was quite early at school.
Now "Rock-a-by, baby, upon the tree-top"
Was queer for Tom Tucker to sing.
The Queen ate her honey with Little Boy Blue;
The little dog laughed—at the King!
Now Little Bo Peep rode to Banbury Cross
So fast that Cock Horse couldn't stop!
When Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
She found it was full to the top!
Now Tommy slept badly because of all this;
He hated his pie and ice cream,
And he was right glad, when he woke up next day,
To find it was only a dream.

—Agnes M. Smith.

THANKSGIVING.

Let us be thankful—not only because
  Since last our universal thanks were told
We have grown greater in the world's applause,
  And Fortune's newer smiles surpass the old—

But thankful for all things that come as alms
  From out the open hand of Providence:—
The winter clouds and storms—the summer calms—
  The sleepless dread—the drowse of indolence.

Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers
  Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed,
That they might fall upon us unawares,
  And bless us, as in greater need, we prayed.

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
  That love held out in welcome to our own,
When love and *only* love could understand
  The need of touches we had never known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes
  That gave their secret to us as they wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,
  Love's touch upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

And let us too be thankful that the tears
  Of sorrow have not all been drained away,
That through them still, for all the coming years,
  We may look on the dead face of Today.

LITTLE PAUL'S THANKSGIVING.

They tossed him and they squeezed him,
  And they kissed him one and all;
They said, "You blessed, blessed boy!"
  And "Darling little Paul!"

But they didn't give him turkey,
  Nor any pumpkin pie,
And when the nuts and grapes went round
  They slyly passed him by.

But he didn't seem to mind it,
  For in the sweetest way
He sat and sucked his little thumb
  His first Thanksgiving day.

—Selected.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Thank God for rest where none molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade.

Again the leaves come fluttering down,
Slowly, silently, one by one,
Scarlet and crimson, and gold and brown,
Willing to fall, for their work is done.

—Ellen Palmer Allerton.

A THANKSGIVING.

Thank God for brains; and for the plan
That hid them far below the brink
Of bitter cups. The Happy man
Has never learned to think.

Thank God for pluck—unknown to slaves
The self ne'er of itself bereft,
Who, when the right arm's shattered, waves
The good flag in the left.

Thank God for humor. Still unborn
Is he who is not truly blest,
Who makes the point of many a thorn
The point of many a jest.

Thank God for pity for all men—
For fellow fool and fellow clod;
And if the god's are cruel, then
Thank God I'm not a god.

—Wetherald.

BETTER THAN GOING TO GRANDPA'S.

"Not going to Grandpa's to spend Thanksgiving?"
Repeated wondering May;
"Why, dearest Mamma, it won't be living!
Why must we stay away?"

Then merrily Mamma smiled and said,
"There is going to be something better—
Better than going to Grandpa's, dear!
Now guess while I finish this letter."

"I can't see what could be better," May said,
While her face grew melancholy,
"Unless—unless they are coming here—
Oh, *they are!* Won't that be jolly!"

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are.

—Rudyard Kipling.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and the gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's them's the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' hearty like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With theyr mince and apple-butter and theyr souse and saussage, too!
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in "Neighborly Poems," copyrighted.

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Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board,
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

—Whittier.

COMMON MERCIES.

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful
As thankful as we should be to Thee,
For Thine angels sent down to defend us
From dangers our eyes never see;
From perils that lurk unsuspected,
The powers of earth and of air,
The while we are Heaven-protected
And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be,
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at night;
For the weeks in which nothing has happened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we've worked at the tasks of the household,
And peace hushed the house day by day?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight,
The weird of the wind and the flame,
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise Thee
And lift up our hearts in Thy name;
That the circle of darlings unbroken
Yet gathers in bliss round the board,
That commonplace love is our portion,
We give Thee our praises, dear Lord!

Forgive us who live by Thy bounty,
That often our lives are so bare
Of the garlands of praise that should render
All votive and fragrant each prayer.
Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble
We cry from the depths to the throne!
In the long days of gladness and beauty,
Take Thou the glad hearts as Thine own.

Oh, common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrops and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

—Margaret Sangster.

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

Thanksgiving night I had a fright.
I thought I heard it said
That turkey dear was coming near,
But hadn't any head!

Thanksgiving night, oh, awful sight!
I thought the turkey came,
And then he said, "Who stole my head?
I'd like to know your name."

Thanksgiving night no more delight
Take I in turkeys bold,
For then it seems they come in dreams
And make your flesh turn cold.

—Laura Rountree Smith.

That little Mayflower, convoyed by the winds
And the rude waters to our rocky shore,
Shall scatter Freedom's seed throughout the world;
And all the nations of the earth shall come
Singing to share the harvest-home of Truth.

—Lowell.

Great as the preparations were for dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the house should be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church.—From Oldtown Folks. —H. B. Stowe.

DATE DUE

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